ARLES H. ALLEN

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TRAYS, Tolled TWO DALLARS, to be by the Magistrate. Minouncing a Candidate TWO DOLLARS,

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From the Saturday Courier. Legends of the Revolution. P. CEORGE LIPPARD.

PULASKI.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that int Pulaski appeared in all his glory. rode charging there, into the thickest battle, he was a warrior to be looked but once, and never forgot.

founted on a large black horse, whose ngth and beauty of shape made you forthe plainness of his caparison, Pulaski with a form six feet in height, masst and limbs of iron, was attired in uniform, that was seen from afar, by the black clouds of battle. His in with the scars of Poland, was the man who had seen much trouble. much wrong. It was stamped expression of abiding melancholy. in hue, lighted by large dark eyes; e lip darkened by a thick moustache, at and chin were covered with a peard, while his hair fell in raven from beneathis trooper's cap, shieldi a ridge of glittering steel. sword that hung by his side, fashlon-

empered steel, with a hilt of iron was at a warrior alone could lift. It was array he rode to battle, tollowed by a of three hundred men, whose faces, with the scorching of a tropical sun, dened by northern snows, bore scares ay a battle. They were mostly Euns; some Germans, some Polanders, deserters from the British Army.were the men to fight. To be taken e British would be death, and death gibbet; therefore they fought their and fought to the last gasp rather than er a word about "quarter."

hen they chrrged it was as one man, three hundred swords flashing over heads, against the clouds of battle. I came down upon the enemy terrible see, without a word spoken, not even a spore. You could hear the tramp of their ds, you could hear the rattling of their bards but that was all.

ct when they closed with the British, ould hear a noise, like the echo of a red hammers, beating the hot iron on myd. You could see Pulaski himself,

he saw the British stripping their coats from their backs in the madness of pursuit—He looked to the South for Washington, who, with the reserve under Green, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American Chief was not in

Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage! He rode madly upon the bayonts of the pursuing British, his sword gathering victim after victim; even there in front of their whole army, he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans, he besought them in his broken English, to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words, but the tones in which he spoke thrilled their

The picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle-a warrior, convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed; while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writhed like serpents-that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again.

Those retreating men turned, they faced the enemy again—like greyhounds at bay before the wolf-they sprang upon the necks of the foe, and bore them down by one desperate charge.

It was at this moment that Washington

came rushing on once more to the battle.

These know but of the American General who call him the American FABIUS, that is, a general compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprize. American Fabiusi When you will show me that the Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprize that rushed from wilds like the Skippack upon an army, like the British of Germantown, or started from ice and snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like those of the Hessians, at Trentonthen I will lower Washington down into Fabius. This comparison of our heroes. with the barbarian demi-gods, of Rome, onmakes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the Saviour of the People! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the champion of a Continent. What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men, as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no egutive thing, but all chivalry and genius. It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. He beheld his men hewn down by the British; he heard them shrick his name, and regardless of his personal

safety, he rushed to join them. Yes, it was in the dread havoc of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward in to the very centre of the melee, was entangled in the enemie's troops, on the top of a high hill, south-west of the meeting house,

And on he came-he and his gallant band. A moment and he had swept over the Britishers-crushed-mangled, dead and dying they strewed the green sod-le had passed over the hill, he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band wheeled-back in the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron bands weep round the form of George Washington - they encircled him with their forms of oak, their swords of steel-the shout of his name shricks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's battle joy.

It was at Savannah that night came down upon Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding forward to yonder ramparts. his black steed rearing oloft, while two hundred of his own men follow at his back.

Right on, neither looking to the right or the left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British, his sword gleaming over his head.

For the last time, they heard that war

"Forwarts, Brudern, Forwarts!" Then they saw that black horse plunging forward, his forefeet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior rider, arose in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flash of red light.

That flash once gone, they saw Pulaski

But they found him, yes beneath the enemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun, that killed his seed,—yes they found them, the horse and rider, resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the mid-

night sky with glassy eye.

So in his glory he died. And while America and Poland were yet in chains. He died in the stout hope that both, would one day be free. With regard to America,

his hope has been fulfilled, but Poland— Tell me, shall not the day come, when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts, near Savannah-will yield up its dead?

For Poland will be free at last, as sure as God is just, as sure as he governs the universe. Then, when re-created Poland rears her Eagle aloft again, among the bangers of the nations, will her children their he , and bear him home, with the chaunt of Priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as re-

Yes, the day is coming when Koskiusko and Pulaski will sleep side by side, beneath the soil of RECREATED POLAND.

From the New Orleans Prcayune. LATER FROM THE BRAZOS. CAMPONTHE RIO GRADENEAR PALOALTO.

January 30, 1847: Everything here betokens a indden movement of the troops. Seventy days rations have been issued, and order given high hill, south-west of the meeting house, to be in readiness at a moment's wirning. Within a few days, if I am not greatly mistaken, Gen. Worth's division will be on on moving towards Vera Cruz,-

has gloriously Louisiana in the

Mouth of the Rio Grande,) February 3, 1847.

I have plenty of bad news to give you, gentlemen, and very little that is pleasant The fate of Col. May's rear guard and baggage you have already heard of-but intelligence has just reached this place, too painfully true and well authenticated, which proves that the enemy have opened on us in earnest, and their hatred is mortal.

On the 11th of January I met Lieut. Ritchie of the 4th Infantry, but then acting with the 2d Dragoons, on his way from Saltillo, with ten dragoous, to Victoria, bearing important daspatches to Gen. Taylor, from Gen. Secttand others. It is said these contained the whole plan of the operations in which we are about to engage. While on the road between Monterey and Victoria, but at what place I cannot learn, the party was attacked, young Ritchie was lassoed and dragged across a cornfield, and the despatches carried off. The ten dragoons were either killed or taken prisoners.— Lient Ritchie was one of the most distinguished and excellent young officer in the army. His conduct at Pale Alto and Resaca won the admiration the army and he was much esteemed for his talents, and the excellence of his heart. There is little or no doubt of his death-still, whilst there is a shadow of doubt, there is a hope.

A few days ago an officer of the 2d Ohio Regiment, Lt. Miller is believed to be his name, was murdered, at Chichironi, and awfully mutilated. His heart was cut out and hung upon a shrub, to show us, I sup. pose, how deeply seated was their hatred owards us. I would like to have command of two hundred mounted men, with unlimited power over the country between Cerralvo and Camargo. My first act would be to shoot every man in Mier, then go and burn every ranchor on the route, for ten miles right and left, and shoot every man, to Cerralvo-and then continue to shoot, in that region, as fast as the made their appear-

But here is news that will create a deep eensation in the States. The following letter reached Hen. Worth last evening, of course there is no doubt about its correctness. It is from Capt. Chapman, of the army.

Saltillo, January 25, 1847 have only time to write a word come to Savannah, to gather up the ashes of Major Borland, of the Arkansas cavalry, with 50 men, and Major Gaines and Cassius M. Clay, with 30 men, were surnon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.

This does not include appropriations for the name and other morning of the 23rd, by Gen Minon.—

The congress will place at his disposal three millions of dollars. This does not include appropriations for the name and other includes appropriations for the name and other includes appropriations. He heard that Borland was there, and marched from Matchuala with 500 cavalry and took them without firing a gun. This is no stampede. Yours truly, W. W. CHAPMAN.

The above is all that has reached us on the subject; in fact, it is clear enough. Between 80 and 90 of our men have been taken prisoners, and are undoubtedly at San Luis Potosi ere this. The hatred of the Mexicans is so inveterate, however, against our volunteers, that fears are entertained for the safety of the prisoners.

The troops are beginning to move down from Camp Palo Alto. Gen. Scott would be harked to day, on the Massachusetts,

in ion will have d rumors of Mexicans in

nales, on Lain parties

my words for it, it will not be long before I will have to tell you of some waggon train being captured, or some small party cut off.

January 26, 10 o'clock at night.—An express has just got in from Aldamas, to the commanding officer here, with the intelli-gence that Canales was at that place with his force, and that he intended attacking a trainof pack mules which left here a short time since for Monterey. Aldamas is about 40

miles from this place. Yours, &c. F. The court martial recently held at the Brazos for the trial of Col. Flarney, has ordered him to be released from arrest and repremanded. We learn that Gen, Scott has remitted the latter part of this sentence, but has reiterated his formar order to GoL. H. It was thought, however, that he would recall this order and permit the Col. to lead his regiment. We have received a full account of the trial, but cannot possibly find room for it.

Monstrous Musquitoes.—Sir Francis S. B Head, in "The Emigrant" after speaking of the bull-dog boldness of the mosquitoes in Upper Canada—relates what he had heard concerning the same "birds" in Michigan:

"An American living near the Grand River, Michigan, told the following story concerning the mosquitoes: Being in the woods, he was one day so annoyed by them that he took refuge under a potash kettle. His first emotions of joy at his happy deliverance, and secure retreat were great; but soon they found him, and began to. drive their probosces through the kettle. Fortunately he had a hammer in his pocket, and he clinched them down as fast as they came through, until at last such a host of them were fastened to the poor man's domicil, that they rose and flew away with it leaving him shelterless.

After this let New Orleans cease to brag of her musquitoes that carry brickbata about with them to sharpen their bills upon. They are mere insects to the monsters of

CHEAPER STILL .- President Polk has intimated that the can close the Mexican war if Congress will place at his disposal incidental expenses, such as fitting out a minister, &,—still is quite a reasonable of fer, although a better one has been made. A man in Rochester N. Y., has offered to take the war upon his own shoulders for the suer of two million of dollars, and come war der bonds, which are to be forfeited in casts he fails to terminate the war honorably to the United States. If this proposition is acceded to, it will save not only one million of dollars, but President Polls a visit to Vem

Love And Barmuso.—Some body since said—it makes no odds when—for it is pretty simile, and perlices the that beside often remarked ther young ledies take love that be sea beling, same amaly often

and gashes. Withou priors for used their swords, and ground ascovered with dead, while g enemy scattered in panic before

ta on this battle day of Brandywine Count was in his glory. He under out little English, so he spoke what to say with the edge of his sword, a severe Lexicon, but the British arried to read it, and to know it and a All over the field, from yondey or meeting house away to the top of one Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw a point, and learned to know his name.

a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this MISTER Washington, in the heart of the British ar-

Suddenly the Polander turned-his eye caught the eight of the iron grey and his ri

caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whis kered lip awenthed with grim smile—he waved/his errord—he pointed so the iron grey and to rider.

There was but one moment;
With te impulse that iron band wheeled their war houses, and then a dark body sold and compact was spreading over the valley like a their who had been a seried from the has rehe—three hundred awards rose glittating in a faint glienes of askilight—ride in from of the drained, with his form reused in its fall height a dark frown on his brow, a never soulie on his his rode Pulaski. Mee a spint rouned appeared by the by the street and he are well shad upon the troops.—his area well shad upon

ordered to take command of the New C leans barracks, and Col. Garland assum the command of the regiment. Liteutens the command of the regiment. Lieutent Mackall has been promoted, and will as assistant adjutant general, with Glasses assistant adjutant general, with Glasses assistant adjutant of brevet capitaln.—Lieut, George Deas, adjutant of the 5th Infantry, has received a similar commission, and is ordered to report to Cien. Wool.

Capt. Asnold, for operly of the dragons, of the Quartesmasters. Department, has just atrived here and joined the command. It seems that the blancan army at San Luis have been making some movement, as re-

destination of the troops is Lobos. destination of the troops is Lobos, 5 miles from Vera Craz. As Santa cows all about a Lepresume thore is opsety a my refline von. It is no ising year pour the main tand and behind. It is a safe harbor for vessels of considerable size. The chare is rocky and the pass very trooked, but not extremely dangerous—in the course of the years, we shall be on